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VERSIFIED ADVENTURES

*of the*

V. C. A.





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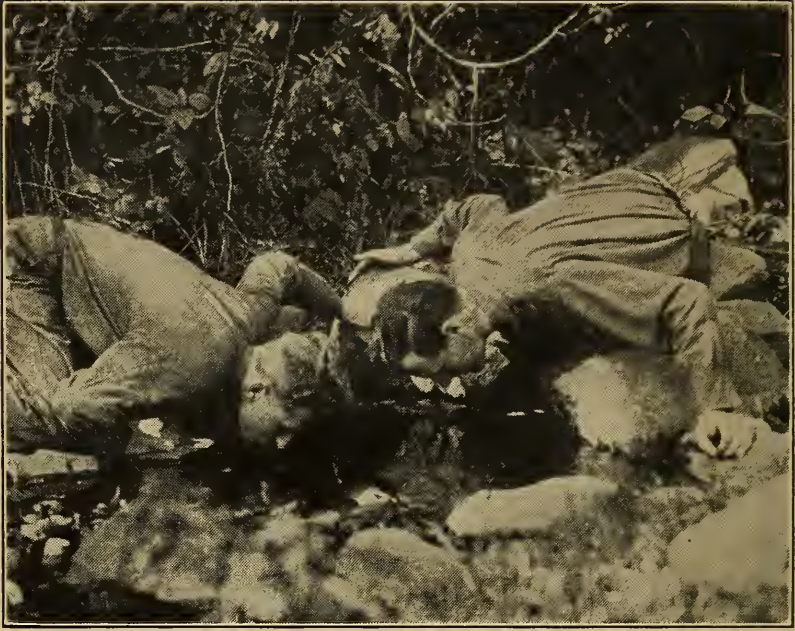


VERSIFIED  
ADVENTURES  
*of the V. C. A.*









*The Author and Publisher  
cooling off at the Spring  
after a drill*

# VERSI<sup>F</sup>IED ADVENTURES

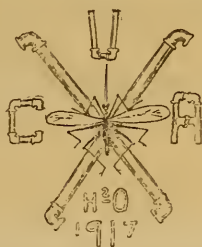
*of the*

*U. C. A.*

By

EARL H. EMMONS

(Sixth Battery, Veteran Corps of Artillery, S.N.Y.)



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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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## DEDICATION

To the men of the Veteran Corps of Artillery, State of New York, who dropped their work in a moment to answer the call to duty; to those who came afterward and to those willing to go, but unable to do so, this little book is dedicated to serve as a cheerful memento and souvenir of the days we spent and the friends we made guarding the aqueduct.







*First Camp at  
Peekskill*



## FOREWORD

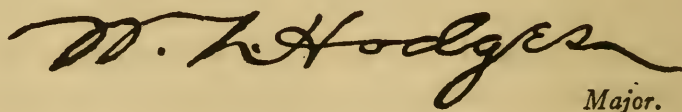
Shortly after noon on August 7th, 1917, orders were received at the Headquarters of the Veteran Corps of Artillery requiring that a Provisional Battalion of 200 men and officers report at 8 A.M., August 8th, to Colonel John B. Rose of the First Provisional Regiment, New York Guard, for duty guarding the Catskill Aqueduct through which the City of Greater New York receives its supply of water. Immediately the order was sent out to the men of the Corps requiring them to assemble in the armory on the evening of the 7th, and by 10 o'clock a Provisional Battalion was organized, by selection, from the several batteries of the Corps and was waiting further orders.

Due to various conditions actual marching orders were not received for two days, when the Battalion entrained for the camp at Peekskill. After an inspection of the 700 troops of various commands reporting at Peekskill, the Battalion of the Corps had the honor to be assigned to the work of guarding the most important, vital portion of the Aqueduct; that immediately north of the city limits.

After one night at Peekskill the camp was broken and the men distributed throughout the Sector assigned, taking over the active guard work at noon August 11th. That this succession of movements was attended by many unusual incidents and happenings was anticipated, but each new difficulty and condition was met and mastered promptly in accordance with the best tradition of the Corps, each man endeavoring to minimize all difficulties and be of as great personal assistance to his officers and comrades as possible.

On account of the large number of men in the Battalion with important civic responsibilities it was necessary that the original personal be relieved from

time to time by other members of the Corps, and, as a result, the service of the Aqueduct was performed by a large number of the enlisted and commissioned personnel, the changes being effected smoothly and the work being kept up to the highest standard. Each man performing this service is to be congratulated on the opportunity of thus doing his "bit," and be satisfied in the knowledge that the standard of efficiency set by the Provisional Battalion of the Veteran Corps is now the aim of all other detachments comprising the First Provisional Regiment, New York Guard, and that this service is fully appreciated by the Regimental Commander, and all others concerned in the proper carrying out of this important duty. Particularly will the untiring zeal of each officer and man remain a most pleasing and happy remembrance to the one who had the honor to command the Provisional Battalion of the Corps in this emergency.

  
Major.

Commanding Provisional Battalion, V. C. A.  
1st Battalion, 1st Provisional Regiment, N. Y. G.

## WHY IT WAS DONE

In wishing a publication onto the patient public it is quite the thing to start off with a sort of apology for doing it.

“Versified Adventures of the V. C. A.,” (together with some rimes not directly connected with the activities of the Corps, but having the military motif) was issued for reasons—which makes it at once unique from the average book of verse.

One of these reasons, outside of the usual “to fill a long felt want,” was that the author had so much fun writing the material that he decided to pass it along down to posterity, (at a nominal sum per pass.)

Secondly, it was imperative that someone do something of this kind in order to correct certain ideas which have broken loose and are running around reckless among the general public. There are people, who get their ideas of army life from watching holiday parades, who think soldiers do nothing for a living except “dress up, drill, drink and act dreadful,” and this opinion is somewhat erroneous. Then there are others, who believe the chief duties of a soldier are starving, freezing, being tortured and shot, and these folks, also, should be set right.

As a matter of fact, there is, in army life, as in other occupations a happy medium wherein men work, play and conduct themselves about the same as if they were in their business offices, clubs or a friend’s drawing room, with the exception that in the service their work is more concerted and efficient, their play more vigorous and courtesies are more rigidly observed, all of which makes for decidedly better men.

As regards the actual labors performed by the Veteran Corps that will be recalled without much

effort every time the men look at the callouses on their hands; so this book, while keeping in mind the seriousness of military life, deals with all aspects and events in a lighter manner for the sole purpose of producing two smiles perhaps, where before there was but one.

The Author.





*Informal Guard Mount  
at Kensico Dam*



## THE MINUTE MEN OF TODAY

They mustered at eight in the morning,  
The men of the Veteran Corps,  
And upheld the fame  
Of their ancestors' name,  
The brave Minute Men of yore.

The doctor relinquished his practice;  
The lawyer stopped short on his case;  
The scribe dropped his pen;  
The stage gave its men;  
The artist stepped up into place.

The preacher came down from his pulpit;  
The broker came forth from his bank;  
While each craft and mart,  
Gave a generous part  
Of its best to the file and the rank.

And so they went into the service;  
The men of the V. C. of A.,  
Upholding the Corps  
As their sires did before—  
They're the Minute Men of Today!

## A T T E N T I O N , M E N !

When I was young and read that verse  
About the Light Brigade,  
I thought them rather stupid  
As regards the charge they made.

For though their leaders blundered,  
No one faltered or showed fear,  
But followed faithfully to death;  
And that, to me, seemed queer.

But that was when I was a "cit"  
And long before the day  
I entered my enlistment  
With the men of V. C. A.

And I am just a rookie  
But I know a thing or two;  
I know we'd heed our leaders,  
Right or wrong, and see it thru.

For there's something in their makeup,  
From the Colonel down the line—  
Majors, Captains and Lieutenants,  
And it says they're square and fine.

And if we get in a mixup  
Then, I know the blood will tell  
And we'll follow without question  
To the gates and plumb thru hell!



## THE CALL OF THE GUARD

You must wake and call me early  
Call me early, Corporal dear,  
For I go on Post Eleven, Corp,  
Till daylight doth appear.

Round that blasted syphon hoose-gow  
Twenty-seven miles I'll tread,  
While my brave and faithful comrades  
Slumber peacefully in bed.

Six full hours, I'll be on duty  
Till I'm dizzy in the feet,  
Then if I am lucky, maybe  
I will get a bite to eat.

So remember, call me early  
Kick my ribs till I awake,  
Send me to that wind-swept hill-top  
There to shiver, cuss and shake.

Ah, it's great to be a sentry  
With the powers of a king,  
But with all my watchful waiting  
I'll not see a blasted thing.

## GENERAL ORDERS

Go take thy post and everything in view  
And mark thou dost not stub thy clumsy toe,  
But walk twelve hours, if need be, like John Drew  
And note each moving leaf and cock-roach crow.

Repeat each word thy brother sentry speaks  
E'en tho he says the sergeant is a bum  
And if relief come not for seven weeks,  
Thou must not leave till thy relief hast come.

Take not an order from a living man  
Except some scores of non-coms and C. O's.  
But guard thy talk as does the cautious clam  
And sound alarm each time a fire-fly glows.

Allow no one within thy range of sight  
To spit or otherwise offend thy beat;  
And call the corporal each hour of night  
For his remarks to thee will be so sweet.

Allow not even Time or Tide pass thee  
Without authority, for that's thy rule.  
If thou dost all of this then thou wilt be  
A sentry, and what's more, a blasted fool.



*Getting down to real work  
in breaking ground  
for the incinerator*



## THE YARN OF THE FANCY SWELL

(With no apologies to the author of The Yarn of the Nancy Bell)

'Twas on the Catskills aqueduct  
At Outpost Number Four  
I came upon a raving man,  
A Veteran of the Corps.

His eyes were wild; his hair was long;  
While much begrimed was he,  
And as I paused, he ported arms  
And spoke this wise to me.

"Oh I am a cook and a sentry, too,  
And my hours are long and hard;  
I'm orderly, mess-boy and police  
And Corporal of the guard."

"Oh sir," said I, "Tho I'm not versed  
In ways and means of war,  
I cannot see how you can be  
All this you say you are."

He fixed me with his piercing eye  
Till I began to pale,  
Then on his gun he leaned and spun  
This sad and painful tale:

" 'Twas on the eighth of August, son,  
We left Manhattan Isle;  
Within my heart there was a song,  
Upon my lips a smile.

"For I was of that gallant band  
With patriotic pluck  
That volunteered for duty, son,  
Upon the aqueduct.

"I left arrayed in height of style  
As leader of my squad,  
But what I've been since then is known  
To only me and God.

“At home I was a moneyed swell  
And I had hopes to be  
A Captain soon, but Oh, Ye Gods!  
What they have done to me.  
“I’ve walked a post twelve hours a day  
With nine-pound Springfield Crag  
And eight more of that twenty-four,  
I scoured pots with a rag.  
“I’ve swung a scythe and posted guard,  
Dug drains and helped the cooks  
And done a hundred dirty jobs  
Not shown in army books.  
“I’ve been the Captain’s chambermaid  
And sewed mosquito nets;  
I’ve gathered tons of burned match ends  
And worn-out cigarettes.  
“And when at last I fell in fits  
They bundled me away  
To Outpost Four and here I sit  
And rave the livelong day:  
“Oh I am a cook and a sentry, too  
And my hours are long and hard;  
I’m orderly, mess-boy and police  
And Corporal of the guard.”





## THE DRILL MASTER

Said the sergeant to the rookies:  
    "Form accordin' to yer height;  
Fall in there; dress up you loafers;  
    Forward, Ho; oblique to right;  
Keep yer heads up; can that chatter;  
    To the rear, Ho; right about;  
Eyes to front; throw back them shoulders;  
    Halt, right dress; chins in, chests out."

Said the sergeant to the rookies:  
    'Tension men; left face; at ease;  
Right by squads and hold that pivot;  
    Left by file; come on you cheese;  
What's the matter, are you crippled?  
    Halt; I think you're in a trance;  
Face about and keep them heels down,  
    This ain't no darn balley dance."

Said the sergeant to the rookies:  
    "Left oblique in double time;  
Halt; you bloomin', blasted boneheads  
    Say, your drillin' is a crime.  
Cover off; keep yer alignment;  
    'What the divil's ailin' you?'"  
Then up spoke a sweating private  
    And he said, 'Be gob, I'm thru!'

Said the private to the sergeant:  
    "Sure it's not the pep I lack,  
But as soon as we start someplace  
    Right away you call us back.  
You're the most uncertain person  
    That in all me life I knew  
And I quit till you've decided  
    Wha't'ell you want to do."

## THE MIDNIGHT ATTACK

The night was black as a ten foot stack  
Of cats of the darkest hue;  
The sentry stood in a Stygian wood  
At Outpost Number Two.

A sound quite near struck on his ear!  
He turned in quick alarm  
And "Halt, who's there?" rang on the air  
As the sentry ported arm.

Then as a breeze blew thru the trees  
The guard's brave spirit sunk;  
As to his nose the odor rose  
Of essence a la skunk.

He took a chance and called "Advance  
Sir Skunk, you're recognized;"  
The puzzled cat stopped short at that  
And showed he was surprised.

Then on he went and the night was rent  
With smells and howls of grief;  
Till hellity bent from his khaki tent  
Came the Corporal with relief.

Now a sentry grieves in a suit of leaves  
And swears till the air is blue;  
While beneath the sod where the daisies nod  
Lie his clothes at Outpost Two.





*A typical outpost along  
the aqueduct*



## A SHATTERED PROVERB

The evening mess was over and the sergeant of the  
guards

Strolled to our tent suggesting that we have a game of  
cards.

'Twas Pitch, without a limit, but the bets were rather  
tame

Until I caught that fatal hand and tried to wreck the  
game.

I held the ace, queen, jack and deuce so bid it up to  
four

And shed some inward tears because I couldn't make  
it more.

I staked my roll, just seven bones, my watch and ring  
and hat

And knew the sergeant must be bluffing me when he  
stood pat.

I led the high boy; caught the six; my queen brought  
in Big Dick;

That gave me two; the deuce would make it three;  
I led it quick.

Ah, friends, if you have tears prepare to shed them  
now—Alack,

The sergeant played the four; and then—he led the  
king right back.

He caught my last lone trump, the Jack—I lost my  
roll and ring;

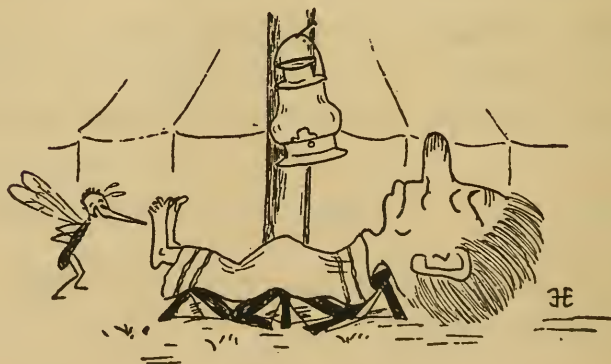
My watch went too, also my hat; I'd clear forgot the  
king.

Yes, war is just as Sherman said—I'm up against it  
strong;

And yet—ye gods—and yet they say: "The king  
can do no wrong!"

## THE DEEP VOICED SNORE OF THE VETERAN CORPS

Once I was fond of the tones of Farrar,  
    Melba, McCormack and Gluck;  
Which was before I encamped with the Corps  
    Out on New York's aqueduct.  
Now every evening my musical ear,  
    Cocked in expectant delight,  
Lists to the snore of the Veteran Corps  
    Warbling so sweet thru the night.  
Jonesy snores tenor and coughs on the side,  
    Smith lets off deep-throated bass,  
Brown stands alone with a rich baritone  
    That seems to envelop all space.  
All of the others join in the refrain,  
    Whistle and mumble and moan,  
Filling the air with harmonics more rare  
    Than even a sick graphophone.  
Thus does my soul, twixt the darkness and dawn,  
    Filled to the brim with pure bliss,  
List to the snore of the Veteran Corps—  
    Opera was never like this.



## THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS

'Twas Sunday on the aqueduct  
And elsewhere, too, I guess  
And all the boys were resting  
After wrestling with the mess;  
And Private Schmidt was drinking stuff  
That had a deep white foam,  
And eating cheese and pretzels which  
The folks had sent from home.

Then in walked Private Flannigan  
The joker of the corps,  
And half a minute later he  
And Schmidt were on the floor;  
And, Oh, it was a scrap that pleased  
The eye and cheered the heart,  
Until the sergeant heard the noise  
And pried the pair apart.

"And what t'ell" the sergeant says,  
"Has happened here?" says he,  
Then up spoke tearful Private Schmidt:  
"This mick insulted me."  
"And tell me," says the sergeant,  
As he lit a cigarette,  
"The nature of this brazen breach  
Of army etiquette."

"I'm sitting with a little box  
Of lunch upon my knees,"  
Says Private Schmidt, "and just had eat  
A slice of Limburg cheese;  
Then comes this loafer Flannigan  
And turns away his head,  
And says 'My God, breathes there the man  
With soul that is so dead!' "

## THE LESSON

Now William Brown was square as any chap you'd  
ever meet;

He never gambled, swore or hit the booze,  
But Bill was rough and ready and he hated to look neat  
And things conventional gave him the blues.

He thought that shaving daily was an awful waste  
of time;

He dressed worse than a comic paper jay,  
The way he scattered things around the house was  
near a crime

And then, somehow, he joined the V. C. A.

He nearly broke the sergeant's heart each time we  
had a drill;

Then came the call to duty, and I vow  
The first few days of army discipline near killed poor  
Bill,

But say, you ought to see our William now.

Just yesterday upon a busy uptown street we met  
And Bill looked like a major spic-and-span,  
And for an hour I watched him tote a half-smoked  
cigarette,

Because he couldn't find a rubbish can.





*It's called "police detail," but  
should be "white wings."*





## A V I T A L I S S U E

It was night at Sector Four  
When above the muffled snore,  
Came the sound of two deep voices in dissent,  
And the quarrel waxed so hot  
That each man stole from his cot,  
And we crept in silence from our canvas tent.

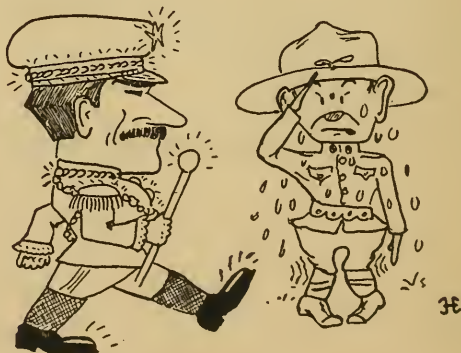
Then beyond the camp fire glare  
We discerned two privates there,  
Who at home were well-known brokers on "the street";  
And we knew without a doubt  
Some great point would be brought out,  
By such brainy men embroiled in such a heat.

Then above the row we heard  
One familiar ugly word,  
And we saw those cultured members of our corps,  
Fly into each other's face  
And begin to fill the place,  
With assorted curses, hide and hair and gore.

We descended then and there  
On that fierce and hostile pair,  
And we pried them loose and asked why this should be;  
Then said each "He told a lie;  
He has been declaring I  
Didn't wash the Captain's sox as well as he."

## LOVE 'S LABOR LOST

Up at Kensico a rookie got a furlough for a day  
And he caught the train to Gotham to parade along  
Broadway;  
Now the town was full of captains from a recent  
Plattsburg class  
And the rook saluted faithfully each one he chanced  
to pass  
For his sergeant was particular to pound this lesson in;  
That he must salute all officers to show his discipline.  
So the rook was doing noble, tho his arm was somewhat  
taxed  
Till he came to Thirty-fourth street when he stopped  
dead in his tracks,  
For a figure so resplendent came before his startled  
gaze,  
That his eyes stuck out like onions and he stood in  
great amaze.  
Then this kingly one came near him and his heart  
turned cold as ice  
But he knew he must do something so the rook saluted  
twice;  
Then he swore and hit a bull dog and he kicked a  
rubbish can,  
For he found that he'd saluted Macy's elevator man.



## EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

The whole darn world it seems is going nutty  
About this war that's on across the sea,  
And everyone has turned his reg'lar business  
Into a war supplying factory.

There's bakers making biscuits for bombardment,  
The Subway men are making submarines;  
There's rifles made from gaspipe by the plumbers  
And Heinz is shipping over navy beans.

The boiler shops are casting guns and cannon,  
The carpenters are building ships and boats;  
With farmers making swords from scythes and sickles,  
And tailors making army pants and coats.

The blacksmiths all are busy moulding bullets;  
The milliners are making haversacks,  
While chemists use their spare time making bomblets  
And foundries turn out cannon balls in stacks.

Most everyone is in the game with something,  
And so the bug has fastened onto me;  
And though I don't make guns or ammunition  
I get mine with this sort of poetree.

## THE SOLDIERS' FAREWELL

'Twas meal time in the mess shack  
And the boys were gathered there,  
Partaking of the pork and beans  
And other army fare.

In walked the stern Top Sergeant  
And he leaned upon a shelf,  
And said, "Let's have a drill boys;"  
Said we, "Go chase yourself."

This angered the Top Sergeant  
And his face grew cold and dark,  
Said he, "You'll all get details now  
For that last rude remark."

And then up spoke the privates  
With a wild and careless yell;  
"We're all on leave, so take your danged  
Details and go to hell!"



*A line the enemy can  
never break through  
—mess parade*



## GUARD A LA VETERAN CORPS

I have seen some funny outfits,  
In my time but I must say,  
That the prize, without a question,  
I would give the V. C. A.  
Queerest darn conglomeration  
Ever gathered in one mob,  
And you always know who's working  
When you hear them on the job.

When it's "Halt! Hands up you coyote,  
'Fore I drill you full of lead!"  
In a tone that makes you want to go,  
And crawl beneath the bed,  
That's the Ranger.

If a voice says soft and gentle,  
"Halt a moment; who is there?"  
Then concludes "Come forward, brother;"  
In a tone of righteous prayer,  
That's the Preacher.

Then if "Halt, who's there?" comes coldly,  
And "A friend" you have replied  
And you hear "I cannot pass you  
Till you've been identified,"  
That's the Banker.

But if "Halt" is low and pleasant,  
So at once you feel at ease,  
And you tell your name and then you hear:  
"Step this way if you please,"  
That's the Clerk.

While if "Halt" should sound accusing,  
And enfold you in suspense,  
Then the voice goes on "What have you, sir,  
To say in your defense?"  
That's the Lawyer.



And should "Halt" come harsh and threat'ning  
Then in tones to make you cower:  
"Disobey me at your peril  
For I have you in me power,"  
That's the Actor.

If you're walking with a party,  
And the "Halt" sounds tired and vexed,  
And the guard advances one, then turns  
Around and calls out "Next,"  
That's the Barber.

But if "Halt" should be impressive,  
With a touch of kindness too,  
And if your reply is answered  
By "What may I do for you?"  
That's the Doctor.

Those are samples of the challenges  
You'll hear most any day,  
While the aqueduct is guarded,  
By the men of V. C. A.  
Every sentry has a manner,  
And a style that's all his own;  
So I say they are the darndest bunch,  
The world has ever known.





## A B L E S S I N G I N D I S G U I S E

Oh there was an old soldier  
And he had a wooden leg,  
And I said to him one day  
As he complained about his peg:

---

“You with the pedal adornment divorced,  
Tell me your tale of woe not;  
'Stead of a dark, gloomy tale of remorse,  
Yours should be one happy lot.

“Standing, you get but one-half tired as I;  
Only one garter to slip;  
Double the service on socks that you buy;  
Only five toe-nails to clip.

“Only one leg for rheumatical pain;  
Only one foot for the gout;  
Just one collection of corns to raise Cain;  
Only one shoe to wear out.

“One set of toes to be trodden upon;  
One foot to wash and you're thru;  
Come not to me with a tale sad and wan  
I need more pity than you.”

## FORCE OF HABIT

For near a month without a leave,  
Had Private William Brown  
Been on the job, and then he got  
A pass and went to town.

When Private Brown returned to camp,  
He was a total wreck,  
And looked as tho a flock of bricks,  
Had struck him in the neck.

He limped and had a damaged eye,  
One arm was in a sling;  
But when we questioned him, he said  
"I didn't drink a thing.

'Twas all an awful accident,  
That broke me up this way;  
You see I had a nifty feed  
Down in a swell cafe.

"The check was just one-thirty-five  
And gee, it was some mess;  
Then I got absent-minded, and  
Forgot myself, I guess.

"For when I'd wrestled with the feed,  
Till I could hold no more,  
I gathered up the plates and tools  
And started for the door.

"And there I stood a looking 'round  
To find the washing pail,  
When seven waiters jumped on me  
And dragged me off to jail.

"It cost me seven bones and then  
They chased me out of town—  
And them's the facts: I didn't have a drink,"  
Said Private Brown.



*After dinner exercises—  
washing the mess-kits*



## TOO MUCH FOR SHERMAN

One night on Post Delirium  
A touch fell on my arm  
And as I'd heard no sound, of course  
I turned in great alarm,  
I took one look, then gave a yell  
And bolted from that post  
But stopped when said a voice: "Fear not;  
I'm only Sherman's ghost."

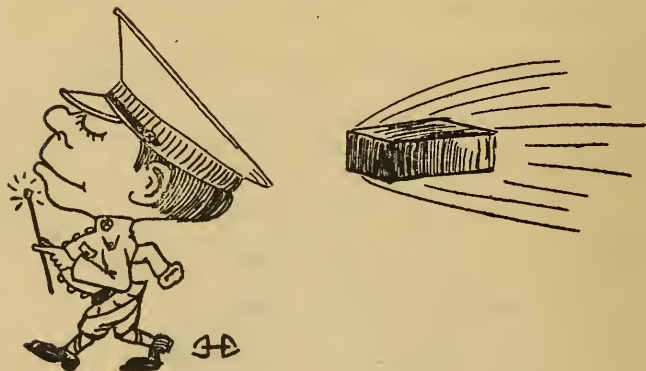
So somewhat reassured, I paused  
And looked my caller o'er;  
All garbed in uniform of blue  
From stirring days of yore.  
"Yes, I am Sherman's ghost," he said  
"And I have come to see  
If things have changed since 'Sixty-one,"  
Said Sherman's ghost to me.

"And how" said I, "have you enjoyed  
Your visit to our sphere?  
Our modern methods I am sure  
To you seem very queer;  
But tell me, sir, what modern change  
Impresses you the most;  
The guns, the subs or aeroplanes?"  
Said I to Sherman's ghost.

"It's really most astonishing,"  
Acknowledged Sherman's shade  
"It's very hard to comprehend  
The progress you have made;

It's changed since my boys hiked it  
From Atlanta to the sea,  
Yet things like that we must expect,"  
Said Sherman's ghost to me.

"But one thing gets my goat," said he  
"And makes me sad and sick  
To see a husky soldier tote  
A dum-fool swagger stick;  
It makes me glad that I am dead  
And with the Hallowed Host  
It makes war worse than what I said—  
Farewell!" said Sherman's ghost.



## Y O U C A N T E L L

You can always tell a barber  
By the way he combs his hair;  
You can tell a taxi-driver  
When you hear him start to swear.

You can always tell a baker  
When he speaks of coin as "dough,"  
And a hundred others you can tell  
By little traits you know.

You tell a plumber by his pipes,  
A cobbler's always "last,"  
While doctors, lawyers, merchants  
You can pick them quick and fast.

You can even tell a grafter  
By his a la modish touch;  
You can tell a danged Plattsburger—But  
You cannot tell him much.



## THE SUPPLY TRUCK

Oh the man who totes the Springfield,  
Is important as can be,  
And we couldn't do without him,  
But in stern necessity.

And the officers and non-coms  
Have a job that's not a cinch,  
But we'd get along without them  
If it came down to a pinch.

And each bugler, cook and rookie  
Has important things to do,  
Yet if they were taken from us  
We could somehow struggle thru.

We could lose full half the outfit,  
Still we'd guard the aqueduct,  
Just as long as we kept with us  
Our old olive motor truck.

Oh, it's thrilling and romantic  
To go gunning 'round for spies,  
But there's little thrill or romance  
Toting carloads of supplies.

For it's up before the daybreak,  
Sweating under heavy loads,  
Then it's rumble, jar and clatter  
Mile on mile o'er rocky roads.

To the last far-lying outpost  
With its precious load and then  
Turn about and race to quarters,  
Load and stagger out again.

Oh it's great to be a soldier,  
With the honors it portends  
But its on the old supply truck  
That the army all depends.





*The most cheering sight  
along the aqueduct—  
the supply truck*



## A LINE FROM THE FRONT

Just before the battle, sweetheart, I am writing this to  
you

While I'm waiting for the summons to relieve Post  
Number Two.

As I write, a yelp of anguish and a loud and profane  
term

Tells me that a skeeter punctured some poor comrade's  
epiderm.

Now I hear the cursing sentry with his steady muffled  
tread

Slap and wallop and go crunching o'er the bodies of  
the dead.

And I cannot help but wonder as I sit here in the dark,  
If you're not out with some slacker holding hands in  
Central Park.

Such the lot of we poor warriors, while we battle for  
the right,

Our fair maids are having parties with some bum who  
doesn't fight.

Ah, the thought near drives me nutty and my heart  
is filled with grief

And I gladly go on duty fighting skeeters for relief.

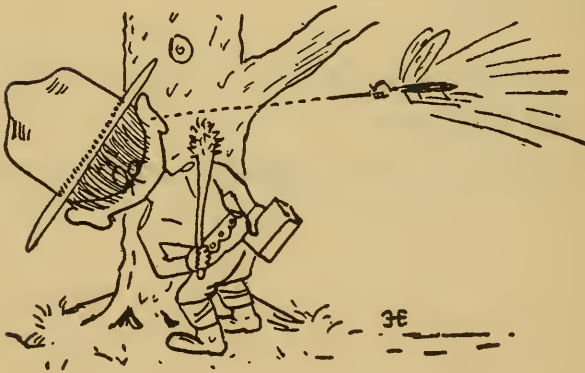
## A HUNTING SONG

Oh comrades of the aqueduct  
Come join the hunt with me,  
For there's a skeeter run amuck  
And out upon a spree.

He dashes at me unaware  
And bites me in the back,  
Then scallyhoots into his lair  
And plans a new attack.

Come chase him from his habitats  
Into the open fields,  
We'll poke him in the jaw and slats  
And kick him till he squeals.

'Twill be a merry lark, my friends,  
We'll chase him far and near,  
Pursue him to the bitter end  
And bust his danged career.



## THE POET WAS RIGHT

One time when patrolling at Post Number Eight  
At seven A.M. my relief was so late,  
That when I came in, there was no sign of mess,  
But Cooky said "I'll find you something, I guess."  
And tho, nearly starved, I was filled with delight  
For Cooky, I knew, soon would fix it all right.  
And then when it came I near fell in a swoon  
And had I felt stronger, I'd murdered that coon.  
The bread was a remnant of two nights before  
With butter that somone had dropped on the floor,  
The tea was so strong that it near made me weep  
I cracked a boiled egg and the chicken said "peep."  
And then I arose and a left-handed hook  
I quickly let fly on the jaw of the cook,  
And I know that the poet is right when he states  
That "Everything comes to the fellow who waites."

## A T R A G E D Y

Miss Mary had a little lamb  
As doubtless you may know;  
One day it sauntered to the dam  
Which lies at Kensico.\*

The lambkin might have got away  
Quite safely with his lark,  
But he decided he would stay  
And see the place by dark.

And there he made a grave mistake;  
For just inside the wood,  
That bounds this manufactured lake  
A nervous sentry stood.

'Twas just 12:30 if the clock  
Was not again at fault,  
When lambkin got a sudden shock  
To hear a husky "Halt."

But Mary's lambkin heeded not,  
Or else he didn't care  
He did not halt; then rang a shot  
Upon the midnight air.

Now Mary wonders where can be  
Her darling little lamb;  
While sentries feast on chops in glee  
At Post Six near the dam.

\*We contend that in referring to a dam one should say it "lies" while other authorities insist a dam "stands," but for this work it has been decided that "dam lies" is right—*Author's note.*

## E A R M A R K S

When a little lump of butter  
Seems rare as gold to you,  
And when milk and salt and sugar  
Look scarce and precious, too.

When thoughtlessly you take a crust  
And hide it in your shirt,  
When skeeters jab you full of holes  
Yet you don't feel the hurt.

When every little piece of cloth  
And paper, ropes and strings,  
You gather carefully and save  
Like they were priceless things.

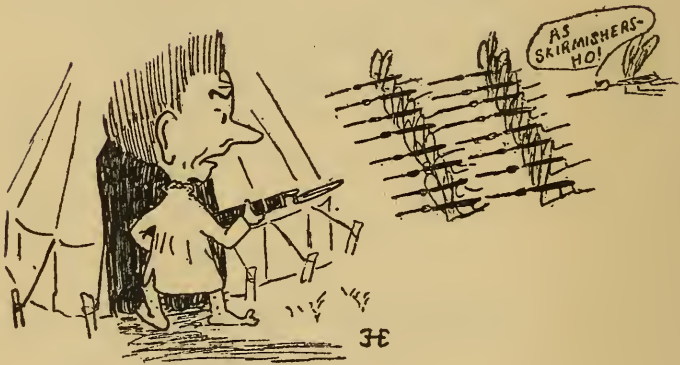
When you're polite and careful  
What you say and what you do,  
I know you've been a soldier, for  
I've been a soldier, too.



## SLUMBER SONG

Oft' in the chilly night  
E'er slumber's chains have bound us,  
We rise to swear and fight  
The blasted 'skeeters 'round us.

Full half the night is spent  
Engaged with this buzzing host;  
Then forth from our canvas tent  
We are kicked to relieve a post.







*Taps*









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